

Jon Thomas Rowland

Better? he asked.

This time Gabriel said, Yes.

Just before going, Deane stood over them to see what they were doing. He read off the days of the week, pausing before Thursday, mocking Johnny's painstaking. He was helping a man remember the days of the week....

For a non-existent manufacturing job....

Deane strode out of the library. His Khaki bag hung over one partially exposed (hairy) shoulder, his mauve Bermudas billowed over powerful ivory thighs, his leg-hairs rose black and deciduous against trunk-like calves, partially stripped after wintry defoliation, where cruel denims like famished fawns had nibbled at his bark....

His sockless feet rejoiced at barely remembered thrill of naked soles on canvas shoes.

He didn't bother to hold the door for Johnny. He slammed it in his kisser.

Deane's foot went on-line. With sweating hooves of hairy-thighed jocks dancing on invisible high-wires. Deane's foot tap-danced through cyberspace on the ends of someone's fingers. Deane's foot was there and it wasn't.

The trapeze artist of Johnny's dreams. Busted in his Big Top with a blow from a brazen knuckle. Under the canvas for a month. Who knows where? Emerging with his formerly raven-black mustachios and his wavy-permed hair streaked with gold as if he'd flown too close to the sun....

Deane's foot was in the picture of his feet tucked under his soaring body like (wounded) birds' feet. Deane's foot was and wasn't there.

The promise of all human potential.



Crazy Jane's latest Dialogues of the Dumb. Thinks she's Plato Jr. Theorizes that economies resemble ecosystems.

Yankee free-trader at heart, assures us. Economies connected to everything else. Values survive. Wishful thinking.